The Eye Opener

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Eye Openers

Our readers to the East and West of Winnipeg will kindly pardon us for devoting so much space in this issue to Manitoba politics. The province is on the immediate eve of an election and it is incumbent on The Eye Opener to lend its humble aid in keeping capable men In and incapable men Out. Thanking you one and all for your kind attendance here this evening, we will now conclude with the last act of East Lynn, bidding you all a kind Goodnight.

• • •

"Well," said he, after shaking us cordially by the hand, "how's the little old rag coming along? Got anything good for next week?"

"I've got one pretty good story. I don't think I ever published it before."

"Is it really funny?"

"Oh, very funny."

"Then you haven't published it before."

(That was a hard one.)

• • •

Here is how alleged jokes are built up.

The sad-looking man stopped before the bootblack's stand to have his shoes shined.

"And is your father a bootblack too?" he asked, by way of making conversation.

"No, sir," replied the lad; "my father is a farmer."

"Ah! a farmer!" cried the sad-looking man, a spasm almost akin to joy spread over his features. As he reached into his pocket for a note-book and pencil he began to mumble a sort of gibberish. It sounded like this:

"Farmer, hey? Farmer—hay. Son, bootblack. Son shines. Ah! I have it. Your father evidently believes in making hay while the son shines."

Perhaps it is needless to explain that instead of being a mild imbecile sad-looking man was one of those professional humorists who write funny pieces for the papers.

• • •

The Manitoba opposition has two financial critics. One is named Thornton and the other Johnson. The one, Thornton, has discovered an answer to the great conundrum, "When is a surplus not a surplus?" His answer is, "When it exists in cash." That does not show a very high order of intellect. Thornton, however, is a pretty decent sort of fellow, but he has imbibed so much political prejudice under the impression that it was lemonade that he cannot see straight. He is a political Smitheerens.

• • •

A far different character is Thomas H. Johnson, M.P.P. for West Winnipeg. His darkness but congenial task has been to ferret out malversation in high office, embezzlement, and damnable fraudulent errors in bookkeeping. He is an expert bookkeeper. He got a job from the Dominion government examining the titles of land expropriated by the N.T.R. at the customary fee of $20 per title. He devised the beautiful scheme of where there was one title covering 640 acres, dividing the scarp into four and charging the full fee for each. How is that for bookkeeping? He could have shown even greater cleverness and divided the sections into four lots if he could. His talents in division, addition and multiplication are not to be disputed.

• • •

Now apropos of Johnson (or Johnson—which is it? I came about that.) Winnipeg mother had a very sick baby. Its little tum-tum ached continually and its cries made nights hideous and turned its mother's heart to water. The man of medicine consulted by the distracted parents declared that since all the most precious potions advertised as baby foods had failed to alleviate its offensives or hasten its end, the milk of one cow mixed with that of any other might be tried as a last resort. The mother at once thought of the noble animal of the Jersey breed, a cherished possession of the Manitoba government out at the Agricultural College. Not only was this sacred animal of superior breed, but it was a thoroughly hygienic cow. It was lodged in a lordly byre, it drank nothing but distilled water, nor ate anything but pasteurized hay and ensilage, while it was bedded upon disinfected straw and never came into personal contact with ammoniacal or other abominations. It was a fine cow.

• • •

What will not a mother do for her sick child? She approached the keeper of the Holy Cow and besought of its milk for her ailing baby. The Holy-Cow-Keeper, who is of course an exalted government official, is evidently also a man of bowels, with possibly a lively recollection of the effect of green gooseberries upon his own youthful entrails. He granted the mother's prayer, the milk was provided, the baby thrived, the mother's heart was glad, and such a glow of satisfaction pervaded the H.C.K. that—he forgot to render a bill.

• • •

Swift retribution, however, hung upon the heels of this boodling official. True, a sick infant was the beneficiary of the boodle, not a fat, unctuous title-searcher, but the fact of the boodling was the fault of the official and the government responsible for him. Wield thy muck-rake, Sir Rodmond Flint Johnson! Flint Johnson! Infantes! A free translation, "Kill as many babies as Herod slew, if only a government guilty of keeping my party out of power (and my own Johnsonian fish-hooks out of the province's legal business, can be removed."

With the last of battle in his eye Thomas H. Johnson occupied the public accounts committee of the legislature three whole days until he finally unmasked this corrupt, this black, this ruinous conspiracy for the life-saving of a hapless infant born with an inferior or outraged stomach. Which the Holy Cow herself was told about it, she is said to have laughed, which shows that Mr. Johnson has not as much sense as a cow.

• • •

Norris, the leader of the opposition forces in Manitoba, is simply a paid adherent of the Dominion government and for years has acted as "Butlons" to Clifford Sifton. Indeed, it has always been strongly suspected that he was the man who distributed the money to ensure Sifton's election in 1904. This would be hard to prove, you can't prove these things, but the finger of suspicion certainly pointed in this direction.

At any rate, since that election he has had his share in the Dominion Government trough, gorging himself while he has the chance. Having grieved the old cow for the Unspeakable Turk he has been permitted to draw sustenance from Ottawa as auctioneer of School lands. His oratory is obviously that of the auctioneer type. At least his audiences always find themselves sold.

• • •

When the farmers find themselves listening to Norris's B. S. they have to laugh to themselves when they compare his exploits of the outfit at Ottawa with his panegyrics on the thoroughbred bulls and studs which he sells to them on the road allowances. Norris draws commissions for selling School lands. Last year he raked in about $6,000. The government tried to get Ed. Brown, Isaac Campbell et al to take this job, but it had to fall back on Norris, who had to be given something anyhow. So it all worked out for the best—and Norris.

• • •

To do him justice, Norris does not take himself very seriously. Being behind his own scenes he realizes the futility of his ridiculous position as leader of a hobo opposition, two-thirds of whom are paid adherents of the Dominion government. Take Dr. Armstrong, Dr. Thornton and Dr. McConnell. These hungry disciples of Aesculapius receive handsome salaries (and expenses) for doctoring the Indians, this Indian doctor graft being one of the plums most sought after by politico-medicos in the west. Seeing that the Indians of Manitoba have enjoyed excellent health for a number of years and have not been dying off, it is safe to presume that the doctors don't go near the Indian reservations very often, if indeed they ever go near them at all.

• • •

As for this man Norris again, he laughs in private at the heroic idea of ousting the Roblin government. He knows full well that the task is both ludicrous and futile. And yet he seems to resent being sat upon even and again by the provincial governor. "Said the beetle to the elephant, 'Stand who you're shoving!' Yes, Norris and his little band of swill-guzzlers were surely sat upon most unmercifully last session by the Hon. Robert, and they don't like it a little bit. They don't for a fact like it, but they don't show it, showing a willingness to debate public questions with the honest purpose of adding improvements to proposed legislation on behalf of the people of the province. Mr. Rogers would not have fanned them out so often as he did. Just they don't themselves entirely to a nasty, irritating, wasp-ish line of innuendo which was cratily intended to prejudice the provincial government in the eyes of the electorate. Their work in the House last session was mere electioneering and pretty crude electioneering at that.

• • •

After one of his hot air orations while on campaign Mr. Norris at once returns to his hotel, goes up to his room, puts on a loose jacket and laughs in his sleeve. Norris may be classified as the laughing hyena of his party.

• • •

Another bright and shining Hallley comet is Tom Johnson. This gentleman's specialty for a number of years has been a steady denunciation of the Roblin government. His reward consisted in being given a lot of legal work for the G.T.P. He was allowed to pass the titles for the land for the G.T.P. shops out in Springfield, four or five miles out from Winnipeg. Instead of passing the time in one piece Johnson subdivided the land and charged for title on each piece separately, thus securing enormous fees. The unpleasant notoriety that this one tricky act brought him, has practically killed Johnson politically. This is the kind of moralist who scuttles up and down the street screaming shrilly about sand pits. Why does he not practice what he preaches?

• • •

Then there is the bold Professor Osborne, champion spellbinder and sophist-in-chief to his party. He has been Professor of English History and Literature at Wesley College, resigning to enter the political field. His resignation came about in a rather unusual way. He had been delivering an address to the students on William Pitt and before he had spoken five minutes the constant reiteration of the great statesman's name suggested to his wandering mind the sand pit and he devoted the rest of the hour to a violent dissertation on Premier Roblin. This break came to the ears of the faculty and they decided that Professor Osborne was a bit too daffy to occupy a chair in the college, but just daffy enough to make a fair Grit political. Thus the change from the sublime to the ridiculous was amicably effected.

• • •

An amusing incident occurred at Professor Osborne's first political meeting in Dufferin constituency. Osborne has a wonderful gift of the gab and is hell on dramatic effect. He was holding forth in a crowded country school house and upending language with the rapidity of a rotary engine.

"What can I do," he roared, "when I see my country going to hell and I see our oppressors' hands at our throats strangling us, and the black clouds of hopelessness and despair gathering on the horizon to obliterate the golden sun of prosperity? What, I ask, can I do?"

"Sit down!" shouted the audience.

• • •

Osborne has been spending the last few weeks amongst the half-breeds and Indians at Dufferin, in Premier Roblin's constituency. Reports reach us that there he has an awful demand for Kinnickenick tobacco out there. Kinnickenik is a tobacco made from the inner bark of a tree and reports reach us that the Professor had to come in and arrange with Burrows to strip one of his timber limits. From the very significant look on Ed. McKenzie's face it is also surmised that a deal has been made whereby Ed will hold a series of rockey whiskey barbecues in the Poplars.

• • •

Then there is Donald Ross, another pippin, whose peculiarity is that he cannot sleep comfortably on a bed which is perfectly straight. He requires a bed specially constructed with kinks and angles in it to suit him. What the reason is for this we do not pretend to say. It strikes us as bloody uncomfortable.

• • •

In North Winnipeg there is a candidate whom nobody seems to have heard of before, named Yellowhammer or Bluenose or Green-Apert or some such name. (We have mislaid the morning paper.) The Eye Opener offers a prize to the reader who is the first subscriber guessing correctly who Yellowhammer, Bluenose or Greenheart is. We usually only give away one cookie for correct solutions of puzzle questions, but in the case of Y. B. or G. we feel we can safely risk two.

• • •

The provincial Grit opposition never was in such a hopeless mess as at this time of the present moment. They cannot induce anyone of calibre, note or prominence to run. The candidates they have put up are all either men who draw their sustenance from the Dominion government and have to stay with it or starve, or else unknown and untried nonentities who have much to gain from the notoriety of getting their names into the papers.

• • •

A little boy whose sprained wrist had been relieved by bathing in whiskey, caused his mother deep mortification by asking—"Did father even sprain his throat when he was a little boy?"

• • •

There are not a few people in our fair Canadian cities who make the mistake of trying to run an automobile on a street-car income.

• • •

A lady, who is frequently of an evening at the theatres, tells us that she does not like to see the crowds coming out of the hotel bars at 11 o'clock every night. We have already informed the lady that they cannot help themselves. They simply HAVE to get out at eleven.

• • •

A Brief Note to Will.

Dear Will,—

You will soon be the guest of a day in the city of Winnipeg and a courteous welcome awaits you. Pray do not forget to fetch along a line of gold bricks such as you unloaded here on your last visit. The theatres are dark and the people must be amused.

Griffo Hall has been closed by the police, so you will doubtless be invited to speak in the Horse Show ring. Shackleton spoke there and the acoustics are not at all bad. It is confidently expected that you will explain all about the hay and tea as which of the defeated candidates at last Dominion election are likely to be placed in command of the Niobe when that vessel goes to Winnipeg from Halifax. It would be good politics on your part to select most of the Niobe's officers from the farming communities of the West, seeing that the West is all the fashion these days. There need be little fear of graft and corruption with our most-of-war officered by good honest farmers from Manitoba and the two new provinces. Any dissatisfaction with your naval policy would thus be swept away.

The inquisitive denizens of the West are very curious to learn from your own lips what prompted you, when looking around for a man to act as Conservator-in-chief of our Resources, to appoint Clifford Sifton, who had just finished cleaning up pretty nearly all the Resources in sight for his relatives and political partners. And, also, when you were casting around for a capable, honest administrator to take charge of the greatest spending department of the Federal government, the department of Public Works, why you deliberately chose Pugsley, who is admittedly the most notorious old grafter that ever came down the pike. So tricky and unscrupulous is your Minister of Public works, and withal so smooth and oily, that he is known in his native New Brunswick by no other name than that of Slippery Bill. It is understood that Slippery Bill, who accompanies you on your tour, will formally open the St. Andrew's Locks. He will deliver a charming speech no doubt and the folks will be carried away in a torrential flood of verbal oil, tarrying and saying amongst themselves, "Can this be the man whose ideas respecting trust funds are so loose and who got away with $30,000 of his native province's money? Nay, it cannot be. Surely this saintly-looking man cannot reek of campaign funds and arrangements and rake-offs. It cannot, cannot be."

The West would also like to know what hold Sir Frederick Borden has on you. Will, that you have never been able to fire him. It is understood that you have honestly endeavored to get him out of your cabinet at divers times and that he has declined to move. This is an extraordinary state of affairs. This man has constantly disgraced himself in public. I have frequently mentioned instances of his vulgar breaks in the columns of this paper. Here is one I had almost forgotten. A number of years ago when Sir Frederick went west as Minister of Militia to inspect troops, he landed in Calgary. At the Alberta Hotel Sir Frederick was in the dining-room having his dinner with his friends and lapping up wine at a great rate. The regimental band of the district happened in the rotunda in honor of the minister of Militia as he was dining, and a great crowd of citizens were gathered to listen to the music and also to catch sight of the Minister, a cabinet minister being somewhat of a rare sight out west in those days. Finally, out lurched Sir Frederick from the dining-room as drunk as a lord and immediately began a bacchanalian dance all by himself in the rotunda, bumping up against the guests and giving Indian war whoops every once in a while. The citizens stood aghast and the military gentlemen present looked both disgusted and amazed. Just as he was going to cut some extra-fantastic caper Major (now Lieut. Col.) Walker took Sir Frederick by the shoulders and forcibly squatted him down on a chair.

Canada, my dear Will, has a right to expect better things of her crown ministers. Those holding high office under the crown should do so with a full sense of propriety, honor and respectability. It is not fair to the people of Canada that the destinies of their beloved country should be directed by and placed at the mercy of men whose reputations for moral looseness and financial crookedness are but too well founded on proven facts.

Well, Will, when you reach Fort William drop round to the Avenue and see Jim McCranor. He is a great fellow for setting up. Here you will be right at home. The Sifton bunch are omnipresent and equally omnipotent at the head of the lakes, and they own pretty nearly everything that Connee doesn't. You will especially like Port Arthur. While they are showing you the sights of Port Arthur do not let them forget to take you through the new Jail-curcatorium. It might pay you to send Sir Fred Borden there for treatment some day. You will be bundled first thing into a little wheezy old jag called the James Whalen, and conducted by Jim Connee and "the bunch" to see the dredging operations which cost dredges Whalen and Connee so many hundreds of thousands of government dollars every year, and then they will take you, still puffing along in the little tug, to the spot where the dry dock and shipbuilding yards are in course of construction. You will agree with me that Port Arthur is one of the most naturally lovely spots in Canada. Lord Charrick has a residential lot picked out for you, as he doubtless has—take it, Shackleton. It might be just the place.

Well, Will, old scout, I again repeat assurances as to the warm welcome awaiting you in Winnipeg. Partisanship will take a back seat for the few hours you are amongst us, in recognition of the incontrovertible fact that you are individually the big Man-of-Canada-to-day and recognized as such by the other nations of the world. Your silver-grafting and sway locks are responsible for this. It is terrible, to reflect that a single hair-cut with the Sifton fingers might break the magic spell and relegate you to the Brodeur and Templeman class. Be clear of the barbers and you will be all right. Cave barberum.

With kind regards to Melvin Jones, I believe me, dear Will, respectfully yours,

The Editor.

• • •

Says a writer: "The lure of a flask of rouge and a puff of chiffon is nothing to a man's heart with a plate of pea soup." We wager that some female soup-maker invented that remark. But she deceives herself.

OH YOU CALGARY!!!!

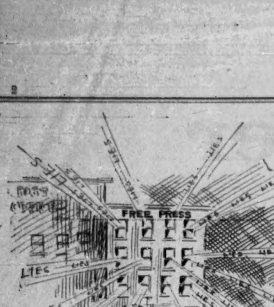
BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

(The thugs depicted above are all paid adherents of the Dominion Government. Norris has the fat job of selling school lands ($6,000 rake-off last year); Johnson has a G. T. P. snap which brings in the dough in chunks; while the three doctors McConnell, Thornton and Armstrong are under salary to doctor the Indians. Poor Lo!)

PORTRAIT OF T. C. NORRIS.
(Attributed to Velasquez.)

PITY THE POOR ORCHESTRA!

MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY


FREE PRESS
LIES
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LIES

Judge Beck, of the Supreme Court of Alberta, is respectfully informed that his late Majesty, King Edward, was for 36 years Grand Master of English Freemasons, resigning on his accession to the throne. His brother the Duke of Connaught, who may be Canada's next Governor-General, succeeded to this exalted office in the Brotherhood.

* * *

Well, Old Cash has "got his" all right and no one is sorry for him. Cushing has been guilty on more than one occasion of double-crossing and throwing down those who befriended him. Ingratitude is the imperdonable sin. The Grit party in Alberta were strongly opposed to Cushing as their candidate for the first Alberta election, preferring another candidate whom they had practically settled upon; but Premier Rutherford made a special trip down to Calgary, called a meeting of the Liberal Executive, made a personal matter of it and insisted in an almost peremptory manner upon Cushing being the candidate. About the same time he appointed Cushing his minister of public works, thus breathing political life and political honors into the bilious system of this self-satisfied sash-and-doorist.

* * *

Cushing did not play fair with Premier Rutherford. When he had decided upon a general disapproval of the A. & G. W. railway contract, he did not go frankly to Rutherford and talk the matter over in a friendly and business-like way. On the contrary, he kept silent and for some months previous to the opening of the session at Edmonton had been plotting for the downfall of the man who had given him his job. Men who do this sort of thing are invariably thrown down in their turn.

* * *

The A. & G. W. was not by any means the sole cause of the trouble. The story is a complicated one and we intend giving it in detail very shortly. The A. & G. W. was primarily made the excuse by Cushing and others who had in view their own promotion, and Old Cash was actually puffed up like a sanctimonious bullfrog with the damfool notion that he was to become Premier. Did you ever hear the like?

* * *

The conspiracy to overthrow the Rutherford government was an elaborate one and quite a few prominent men figured in it. The railway and other corporations had no use for Rutherford and Cross. These gentlemen were not pliable enough for them. The C.P.R., whose western solicitor is Calgary's junior member, R. B. Bennett, were especially hostile, because Attorney-General Cross had a lawsuit (to be finally settled before the Privy Council in London some time this summer) which, if won by the province, would compel that corporation to pay into the provincial treasury over a million dollars in back taxes.

* * *

Then there is the C.N.R. Our old friends Bill and Dan, were not by any means pleased at seeing guarantees given to another company. This would have come to think that they have a corner on provincial guarantees. Their hostility figured very largely in this affair. It will be interesting to wait a while and see if the C.N.R. do not manage to acquire the road and get the laws on that little odd $7,000,000. It would be just like them. What consideration the new Premier will give Mackenzie & Mann, if it should so turn out, is another matter for speculation.

* * *

Speaking again of Cushing's ingratitude. It will be remembered how he went out of his way at a certain trial in Calgary to give the editor of the Eye Opener the worst of it, how he quibbled and hummed and hawed, and said things and forgot things in the witness stand, all with the deliberate object of placing us in a false light with the judge and jury. (And we the prosecutor, if you please!) There will also be remembered the assistance rendered Cushing in his first election by the Eye Opener, we being subsequently thanked publicly at a banquet for our effective work on this man's behalf by every member of the cabinet, including Cushing himself. A man who goes back on his friends for his own benefit and advancement is deserving of damned little sympathy when he himself lands in the soup. Indeed, the law of compensation decrees that such a one shall not receive any sympathy at all. Which is quite right and proper.

* * *

Count Boni's eagerness to prove his marriage with Anna Gould null and void means that the young count contemplates another rich marriage, and according to the law and dicta by the church, he will be free to do so should he succeed in proving that he was never married at all.

* * *

A little boy had eaten too much pie and was soon roaring and yelling with stomach-ache. His mother, visitor was visibly disturbed. "If he was my child," she said, "he'd get a good spanking."

"He deserves it," the mother admitted, "but I don't believe in spanking on a full stomach."

"Neither do I," said the visitor, "I'd turn him over."

* * *

It was a bitter disappointment. "My dear," said Mr. Sneakbom, "as I came by Mrs. Buggins's house just now, I saw Mrs. Buggins kissing some one who was—er—not Mr. Buggins."

"Oh Skooky, oh Skooky!" gasped Mrs. Skookum. "Are you sure? Well, did you ever? Wouldn't that just you? But I've always suspected Mrs. Buggins. She's such a deceitfulmonious. Kissing, eh? My, oh my, I must call up Mrs. Kaloomphy on the telephone and tell her all about it. And our W.C.T.U. meets tonight too! Won't they open their eyes? Kissing some one who wasn't her husband. I don't suppose you could see who it was, Skooky?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Skookum, opening up the evening paper with a loud crackle and settling down for a read. "I saw who it was all right enough."

"You did? Oh, Skooky, who was it? Anybody we know?"

"Oh yes, it was her mother."

"You think you're smart, don't you?"

As we observed, it was a bitter disappointment.

* * *

Toronto has a lot to learn. She is still the same old overgrown village, run by a Mayor, Board of Control and a bunch of Aldermen, all painfully behind the times. Tarts of Toronto are very beautiful, it is true, but the Bay front is a shocking-looking spectacle. This is undoubtedly her greatest beauty-asset and might well be exploited for all it is worth to the inevitable benefit of the city. But what substantial improvements are to be looked for under the let-well-enough-alone regime of a Boyd-Wonder mayor who has not the imagination to suggest new ideas, Controllers possessed of no initiative whatever and Aldermen who don't give a damn whether school keeps or not?

* * *

Some time ago, however, there was one Controller who had the hardihood to make a suggestion. It took everyone's breath away. He proposed the construction of a handsome boulevard for Toronto along the Bay front to the Humber. This startling proposal was promptly voted down. They did not take time to consideration what it would have meant to Toronto. Of course it would have required a trifle of the pleasure-seeking public in Canada. No one can estimate the amount of money brought into the country annually by its famous Boulevard which faces the sea being absolutely its One and Only attraction. The same thing be said of Southsea and other thickly populated places on the south coast during spring and some all the time from all parts of England and the continent. Not the sea breeze is what brings water to see the returns in up-to-date cities with water fronts such as Toronto possesses, look across the bay and figure out the returns in some of the American cities compared with the outlay. The initial expense and temporary increase of taxation are as nothing compared with the returns.

* * *

The same should be the case as far as Toronto is concerned. Is it any wonder that strangers look upon the Toronto delegation as a Tom Cat onto an an overgrown village? What the matter with Toronto is that she is little more than a village yet. Because she happens to be the most attractive city in Canada she thinks she deserves a trifle more than any more. There is where she makes a grave mistake.

* * *

As it is, what is there for a group of visiting strangers to do in Toronto when there is no Race Meeting on to lose money at? They go to Shea's, stroll out to the Parliament Buildings and take look at the statue of Sir John A. Macdonald with the usual faded wreath round his neck, hire an auto and go out to Rosedale and gape at the exterior of other people's houses (a delightful occupation!), pause at the Rosedale Bridge to view the railing over which the suicides jump and then return to the Hotel and ask the clerk when the first boat leaves for Niagara. Hence to New York. Toronto has nothing else to offer.

* * *

Of course, if the visiting strangers happen to be a party of male gender they can always fall back on a good healthy bat. The facilities for bats are ample. In fact, Toronto makes a specialty of bats. And we believe the joints on Adelaide, Williams and that little street off Simcoe where the Horse Market is, are still running? Ah, we thought so. Auto-cabs, coupes and autos may go, but the back goes on for ever. Vive la Hadque!

* * *

The Albertan, Calgary, says that one can get names on a petition in that city for nearly anything. This is perfectly true. We remember some years ago Frank Nolan made a bet with somebody that he could get round town with a petition to have the ex-Calgary's most respected citizen (sans legs) and get it signed by everybody to whom it was presented. Over a hundred signatures were obtained, men were in the course attached to the petition and not one of the signers taking the trouble to read it or to inquire what it was about. It was merely a case of Nolan sure, Paddy. Anything you say goes. Any new damn yarns up your sleeve to-day, Paddy? Hold on a minute and we'll get out and have a drink.

* * *

Our persistent boosting of Medicine Hat has finally brought results. A physician has located there. The village donating him two lots for the erection of a residence and office. His name is Dr. Steed and he doubtless will prove a good charger.

* * *

Contentment is sometimes the result of being too lazy to kick.

"I see in the paper this morning," began Mr. Snuffleports, that——"

"There's too much pie in my oatmeal," cried the youngest member of the family.

"I see in this morning's paper," resumed Snuffleports, "that the——"

"The Podgers have rented their house for the summer, mother," remarked the eldest daughter. "Mrs. Podgers is going east and Podgers will stay at a hotel. I suppose he will start drinking again the moment her train pulls out. What did you start to say, father?"

"I see by this morning's paper that the provincial elec——"

"You must be in an awful hurry this morning, Willie," said the second daughter, Bessie, to her small brother. "You're stuffing yourself like a little pig. Anybody thinks you's a noise with your mouth."

"Children, children," said Mrs. Snuffleports, reprovingly. "What is it you see in the paper this morning, Snuffy?"

"Pass the salt," said Snuffleports, stirring into the paper with baleful eye.

That evening Snuffleports brought home to dinner a gentleman who was slightly intoxicated, and then got even. You can't keep a good man down.

* * *

There has been some talk about William Whyte, Second Vice-president of the C.P.R., who will retire from service in a year or two, being the next Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

This is no job for a man like Mr. Whyte. A hard-headed practical Scotchman like Whyte would have but little use for the pink tea flummeries and reception-at-Government-House formalities which are part and parcel of a lieutenant-governor's duties. It is not unreasonable to suppose that he has even a sweet contempt for the shams and ostentations of modern society. A man of Mr. Whyte's strong physical and mental calibre would be chafing and champing the bit all the time were he to find himself in a position that involved nothing but a series of lusty and inexpressibly silly ceremonials.

* * *

A fitting manner of closing an honorable career of practical activities in the work of building up and developing Canada's Great West, toward which the eyes of the world are pointing to-day, would be to appoint William Whyte Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan as High Commissioner for Canada. Saskatchewan must necessarily retire in a year or two owing to advanced years, and it is of extreme importance that his successor should be personally familiar with and have expert knowledge of current conditions appertaining to Western Canada.

* * *

From the nature of his life-work as a railroad man there is probably no one living to-day who is so intimately conversant with conditions in every nook and cranny, village, town, city, and district in Western Canada as is William Whyte. With his possible exception of Lord Strathcona, he probably knows more people in Canada individually than any other one man, and he is universally held in higher esteem and respect than any man.

Being a gentleman of fine presence and of singularly dignified bearing, Mr. Whyte would create a favorable impression amongst the big-wigs of England. It is rumored that he is to get a knighthood (well, he has earned the honor, if such can be called an honor. (It is not so regarded in the old country, though it certainly seems to flatter and tickle the Indian politicians and their wives all to the back.) On ceremonial occasions and at public functions the "sir," genial, good-natured Bill always seems to outclass his fellows in dignity and distinction. His speeches are invariably tactful, to the point and agreeable to listen to. When he talks in days sometimes and unusual deference is paid to his utterances by the public at large. As for railroad men, they simply swear by Whyte, especially old-time railroad men who have worked under him for years.

* * *

To appoint Whyte Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba would be cruelty to animals. It would——or a fact, it is plain that the future of Canada hinges so absolutely and inevitably upon the development of the West that there can surely be nothing more logical than that the chief representative of Canada's interests in the British Isles should be a western man. Even Lord Strathcona, brilliantly successful as he has been as High Commissioner, is lamentably unfamiliar with the magnificent country in the West. Lord Strathcona Winnipeg was always his Farthest West, and even on that point he was prejudice for Winnipeg since the day (Colonel Scott got his goat in a certain well-remembered election.

* * *

In claiming William Whyte as a western man we do not mean by that he is very much of an all-round Canadian, being quite as much at home in Montreal, Toronto and Halifax as he is in Winnipeg. Calgary, Vancouver and Victoria. He knows the business and agricultural conditions of every blessed district in Canada, has been active and factor in the actual settlement and development of the country, and takes a sane, broad-minded view of the future.

Whyte is very big man—as big men go in this country. Too many of our so-called "big men" are very small potatoes when you get up close to them. With the man we are talking about, the closer you get to him and the more you get to know him, the bigger he grows. Of few men can this be said.

* * *

At the time, not so very long ago, there was talk of that big-hearted Scot going to London as High Commissioner. That would indeed have been the limit. It was bad enough sending W. T. R. Preston as Canadian Commissioner to Japan after his successful crooked election tactics in Ontario, but in the case of the commissionership in Great Britain, our mother country, Canada is entitled to be represented by a man of honor and of unimpeachable character, one who will reflect credit on the Dominion.

* * *

June brides! Heigho! about the saddest and funniest thing on earth the idea that people are rushing to the altar with perfectly straight faces to feel, think and believe for the rest of their lives exactly as they do at that minute.

* * *

Of the British navy the present personnel is 120,000 men. This is far more than the total for any other two countries. There are now any British ships fully manned and ready for action and 248 on a peace-footing partially manned but ready at short notice. Lord Charles Beresford, however, urges an immediate entry of 20,000 additional men.

* * *

Representatives of an American wireless corporation have been in Edmonton looking for a site for a wireless telephone tower. Wonder if, incidentally as it were, they are also selling stock. There has been a terrible lot of wireless stock, both telegraph and telephone, sold throughout the west of late years. Can anyone inform us of the existence of a single wireless station between Fort William and the coast? What the thunder becomes of all the money those agents of wireless corporations write up for back at the coast? What ho! Munroe and Munroe.

* * *

We see by the Calgary Daily Herald, of date June 10, that "W. Knowles, of Okotoks, came in from the south this morning." The Eye Opener ventures to express the earnest hope that the Okotoks Review duly chronicled his safe return.

* * *

Unless they receive payment for lands of St. Peter's reserve the Indian band now at Fisher river will move back to their old camping grounds east of Lake St. Peter. They have given the Ottawa government until July 25 of this year to make settlement, for they claim that of $60 promised them they received only $10, so say nothing of interest from the trust fund they were told would be started on their behalf.

* * *

Above are the statements of J. W. Asham, one of the band. He—ashamed—detailed how the Indians were persuaded to vote for surrender—and how real estate men bought their titles for a mere nothing after a liberal use of cheap whiskey.

He told how the chiefs and councillors suddenly changed their minds during the night and instead of supporting the views of the majority of the band, voted for the proposition of the Indian agent, and he emphatically added: "We can only guess how it came about, but the chief and councillors were very drunk that night."

* * *

This disgraceful state of affairs calls for a thorough investigation. A couple of weeks ago, Indian Agent J. O. Lewis appeared at Fisher river without previous notice, the tribe naturally being scattered. However, after hot discussion, the Indians all refused treaty payment until they got a settlement of the St. Peter's reserve, with the exception (of course) of the chief and the councillors, whose terms expired, and two other Indians. Agent Lewis after two days effort to induce the Indians to accept offers of money, returned without leaving behind.

* * *

Exit though the provincial campaign hereabouts hardly begins, the representations of the Free Press have about reached the end of their tether.

It was a fearful and wonderful attempt at the grand comic opera that Henry Woodruff handed out to Winnipeg recently. Henry has not been a star very long, otherwise he would have been a little more careful of his reputation. The Prince of Tonight is probably the rottenest example of musical hash that we have ever had the ill fortune to listen to, and how Woodruff's manager ever allowed him to go forth into the world with such rubbishy stuff and supported by such a ricketty bunch of hams, male and female, is a mystery. Henry himself was fair. Nothing to cable home to aunte about, though. He lives, moves and has his being—out of his shape, and is said to create a profound suspension on the imagination of impressionable young ladies. As an ordinary man, a performance by Henry Woodruff is rather silly. Being neither a comedian nor a singer, he contents himself with looking handsome, coming and retreating the stage in perfectly fitting clothes, carefully pressed, posing in approved college-boy attitudes, kissing the leading lady in a manner denoting great experience in that line of effort, and playing almost exclusively to the impressionable young girls aforesaid. His leading lady wasn't half so bad, but she had no pretty songs to sing. There weren't any.

* * *

And as for the chorus! Suffering Methusalah! We have seen collections of antiques in various museums in London and Paris, but none dating quite so far back as this chorus. Of course we bar the mummies of the Pharaohs in the British Museum. In addition to having hard-looking mugs and splay feet, some of them were actually mashaged. It must be one of them in particular we would recommend the manager, should this come to his notice, to straighten out this poor old girl's crooked spindleshanks before each performance by drawing them through a keyhole. Henry will have to do better than this next time, if he is really. (Wonder if he got as many mash letters from silly women as Dustin Farnum did when he visited Winnipeg?)

* * *

Contrast Woodruff's alleged Comic Opera and his limping aggregation of cheap lamplighters with the magnificent performances of Eddie Foy and Marie Cahill. These two stars had a comic opera composed of the very best singing, acting, and dancing talent that money could buy. Fine. Eddie was a bit of a disappointment in his funny work—he possibly had a tear-jag on—but the comic opera put up by himself and the one put on by Marie Cahill were well worthy of the best traditions of musical comedy. They played up to their advance notices. Woodruff's hom yourself.

* * *

Mr Walker, who has taken the lot in his teeth and frozen away from the theatrical combine whose headquarters are in New York, has lots of good things in store for Winnipeg at his beautiful theatre. It is up to the citizens generally to extend patronage on those good things, for Walker is fighting a lone battle here and getting enormous expense in his efforts to provide the very best of up-to-date attractions for the entertainment of the Winnipeg public.

* * *

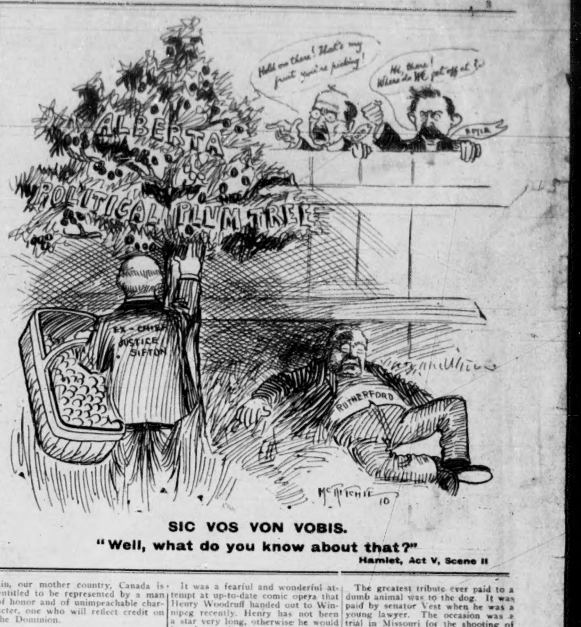
We have always maintained that the Walker theatre and the Royal Alexandra hotel have done more to make Winnipeg a metropolis in the eyes of strangers than any other institutions in the city. The Royal Alex's was easy for the C.P.R., but consider the uphill work that Walker has had of it playing a lone hand. He is not only worthy of strong and generous support from the public, but he is entitled to it by the law of gratitude.

The greatest tribute ever paid to a dumb animal was to the dog. It was paid by senator Vest when he was a young lawyer. The occasion was a trial in Missouri for the shooting of a dog. Mr. Vest paid little attention to, and took little interest in, the testimony, not even taking notes; but when the other lawyer closed his case he arose and in a quiet voice said: "Gentlemen of the jury, the best friend a man has in this world may turn against him, not only that but may become his enemy. His son or his daughter that he has done so much for, with loving care, may prove unkind and shop base ingratitude. A man may have his reputation sacrificed by the people who once were ready to kneel to do him homage when success is with him; may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles about his head. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this world—the one that never deserts him, never proves ungrateful or teacherous—is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity, in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will lie down on the ground and go to sleep if only he be near his master; he will kiss the hand that has no food to offer him; he watches the sleep of his master as if he was a prince; and if his master has to go forth as an outcast the faithful dog goes with him, and will lick the wounds made by the world's hardness. When the last scene comes he cannot leave his master. In the Highlands of Scotland when a shepherd dies his dog will raise himself, put his front paws on the plaid of the shepherd, and make the saddest of moans. When his master is laid in the grave his dog is the last one to leave, moaning as he goes and refusing to be comforted. There is an instance of one in London that went back to the grave of its master and lay there till it died."

Senator Vest continued in this vein for a few minutes until the audience of Missourians in the court room rose up in a body and wanted to lynch the man who shot the dog.

* * *

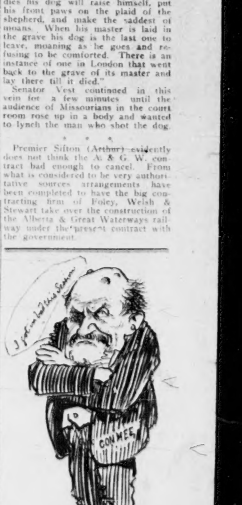
Premier Sifton (Arthur) evidently does not think the A. & G. W. contract bad enough to cancel. From what is considered to be very authoritative sources arrangements have been completed to have the big contracting firm of Foley, Welsh & Stewart take over the construction of the Alberta & Great Waterways railway under the same contract with the government.



SIC VOS VON VOBIS.

"Well, what do you know about that?"

Hamlet, Act V, Scene II



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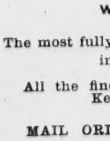

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Probably the greatest winner over the Derby is he who secures the first prize in the Calcutta Turf Club sweepstake—the greatest sweepstakes in the world—which is worth £80,000. The lucky sportsman who drew Lemberg in this year's sweep was Captain H. T. Raban, of the Indian Army, now in England on a year's leave. The draw took place on the evening of May 28, and Captain Raban, who purchased ticket No. 93,215 under the nom de plume "Reginald," was advised by cable that he had secured Lemberg. Within two hours of the receipt of the cable the officer, who was staying at Hatch Beauchamp, near Taunton, had negotiated over the telephone for the sale of one-half of his chance to a London syndicate for £7,500. By the victory of Lemberg he has thus won about £33,000.

* * *

Read the following from Collier's Weekly:

"A Correspondent asks, is Clifford Sifton out of politics? This is a question which only Clifford Sifton can answer. His address is Ottawa, Ontario. Almost any postman will know his house number. Any information we have we share with the whole world. It is that Clifford Sifton, M.P., is now the chief conservator of those natural resources out of which he brought—and took—much benefit as Minister of the Interior. Some years ago Clifford Sifton balked at the fierce light that follows a member of the Cabinet, and faded away into congenial business pursuits, where his fine practical mind made him a lot of money. Clifford Sifton still has his brains with him, and hope springs eternal in the human breast. It may be that he is framing up a new reputation."

* * *

Well, if he is framing up a new reputation, as Editor Gadsby surmises, let us hope it will be a better one than the last. We have often thought that one of the secrets of Sifton's reputation for strength and power lies in his life of aloofness and mystery. He seldom is seen in his place in the House nowadays and nobody seems to know where he keeps himself. Parnell, also, used to adopt this mysterious and uncanny mode of living. He would suddenly disappear and his adherents in parliament would not know of his whereabouts until he as suddenly reappeared. Without intending to draw any analogy, we might say that it afterwards transpired that Mr. Parnell was galavanting around quiet spots with Kitty O'Shea, a liaison which afterwards came to light and proved Parnell's political and social ruin. Little affairs of that kind are quite fashionable in cabinet circles at Ottawa and seem to be rather encouraged that otherwise by the Premier of Canada.

* * *

It would doubtless astonish humdrum easterners, as well as people living in the sleepy shires of England, to learn that in Alberta in 1909, 20,000 acres of land were settled upon every day; one new school was opened every school day; and every week two new towns were located and four miles of new railroad built.

* * *

If Postmaster-General Lemieux would make himself the most popular statesman of the day he should issue instructions that the sign "Post no bills" be placed over every letter box throughout the Dominion.

* * *

Henrietta Crossman was quite angry when she discovered that the C.P.R. officials had labelled her special car "Anti-Matrimony," the title of her play. She feared it would give the public a wrong idea as to her views on the subject of matrimony, and she a happily married woman too! The indignation of Henrietta's press agent knew no bounds and it took fully half a newspaper column to express his feelings. The Winnipeg papers are easy.

* * *

Misfortunes often put us wise to our own carelessness.

* * *

Will Jim Hill please explain who would buy wheat if we all began raising it to sell? A few of us must necessarily stick around as ultimate consumers, no matter how much it pains us to do so.

* * *

Many Winnipeggers have been wondering why the General Hospital by-law was defeated some few weeks ago. There is really no mystery about it. The newspapers have printed lots of fulsome stuff about the hospital and expressed no end of pained surprise at the people's refusal to pass this by-law. It was the boi polloi, the rank and file of the people, the North-enders, the West-enders and the ordinary folk who voted against it; not the Fort Rouge 400. And why?

* * *

Oh well, what's the use? If we say all we think, our readers will put us down as a knocker. To try and knock the Winnipeg General Hospital would be grossly unfair, for it is admittedly a splendidly conducted institution, the patients receiving skilful treatment, unremitting attention and unfailing kindness. Friends of our own who have been treated there are loud in their praise of the matron and her staff. Indeed, some become quite enthusiastic and say jocularly that they wouldn't mind getting sick again and going back. So we may safely presume that the most important features in connection with this hospital—the nursing, grub, attention and so forth—are of a pretty high order.

* * *

What sticks in the craws of so many people of limited means, who through no fault of their own cannot lay by any money against a possible sick spell, is the rather chilly and occasionally harsh methods adopted to ensure payment of the public ward fees. When a man or woman is so sick as to have to go to a hospital it is rather tough to be told at the business office that a weekly payment must be made in advance, in default of which they will have to be treated as charity patients.

* * *

Wages in Winnipeg are by no means in proportion to the cost of living and it is well-nigh impossible for a man, with wife and family to feed and clothe, to save up enough to meet the emergencies of sudden sickness. But surely at least eight out of ten could be depended upon to tough up so much a week from their earnings after being discharged cured, without being hurried to death by city officials. What, for instance, is to be thought of that Stewart case of some weeks back? It is just such unfortunate bunglings that make the General Hospital appear a cold-blooded proposition in the eyes of ordinary folk, when, as a matter of actual fact, it is the very opposite.

* * *

This Mrs. Stewart is a very poor woman. She has, or she have, two children to support and a husband whose help was small. Her child was ill. She sought the hospital and was told that an operation was necessary. She received the assurance that she would be notified when the operation was to be performed. A day or two later, late at night, she received a hurried message from the hospital. When she arrived the child was either dead or breathing its last. The mother had not been notified when the operation was to have taken place, though, of course, the surgeons did their best for the unfortunate child.

* * *

One week later, the mother received a bill from the city comptroller for two dollars for services rendered in the case and there was a harsh note at the bottom ordering her to present the bill at the city hall by June 1 and pay it.

This bill, mark you, was addressed to the DEAD CHILD.

Can you conceive of anything more likely to wound the heart of the sorrowing mother than this most abominable piece of carelessness?

* * *

Here is how it happened. You will note that it is the system, not the hospital, that is at fault. The hospital is all right.

When the General Hospital has a Associated Charities. It showed the to the city comptroller, who in turn hands the account to a person under the direction of the Associated charities. This is the organization which we suggested last fall should be reorganized and a man put in charge with a little more of the milk of human kindness about him.

The account against Mrs. Stewart (which was afterwards rendered and addressed through the mail to her dead baby), was handed to the Associated Charities. The agent of this outfit handed a written report to the city comptroller in which he said "They are a drinking lot and can afford to pay this account." Based upon this report the comptroller's department sent the bill to the distracted woman, or rather to her dead child. The agent has since then admitted that his report was erroneous.

* * *

Here is the character of the investigation he says he made:

"I went to the house and no one was at home. I did not go back but looked over the records of the Associated Charities. I showed the husband was a drinking man. I knew they had buried the baby without the city's help. Therefore I thought they could afford to pay and I so recommended. I made a mistake in making a written report say they were a drinking lot. I told some one at the city hall I had made a mistake, but I did not get the report and make a correction in writing. I gave the case the same attention I do all other such cases."

* * *

Now, this shameful case happened to leak out by pure accident and it is just possible that there have been other instances of a like nature emanating from the fish-blooded Associated Charities and the soulless City Hall (an unspeakable combination!) which have never come out, but which may have placed the General Hospital in a false light with a class of people whose grousing proclivities are not to be sneezed at and who have friends whose votes on by-laws count for precisely as much as those of the Fort Rouge 400.

* * *

Who is to blame for having a man paid by the city, who handles the business of the poor and distressed in this appalling manner? This charity agent admits he knows nothing of the spirit of the West. As to his fitness for the work he is paid to do, this sample will show. He came to Winnipeg from New York last October and seems to have fallen right into his job, which he calls "Special ward investigation for the Hospital." In New York, where he had lived a year, he claimed to have been similarly employed.

* * *

We have not the slightest doubt that the defeat of the by-law was due to certain instances of callous disregard of the interests and feelings of the poor and distressed which had come to the ears of property owners privileged to vote on it. The city should not try to collect from obviously indigent patients down with sickness in the General Hospital. The ethics of civic righteousness forbids it. The north and the west defeated this by-law and the authorities can now do their guessing as to why they did so. Fort Rouge and the wealthy class were in favor of it.

* * *

The sooner the Associated Charities is cut out of all connection with the General Hospital the sooner this splendid institution will regain the confidence of the masses.

* * *

It is little wonder that the British authorities are kicking against the strict immigration laws of Canada. The population of Greater London has now reached the stupendous total of 7,537,000, an increase of over 1,000,000 in ten years. The offscourings and failures of this vast mass of struggling humanity have to be dumped somewhere, and as it is a contravention of the criminal code to dump them into the sea, why not dump them into the colonies? That is the viewpoint of the British Colonial Office anyhow.

* * *

Anxious Inquirer.—Oh yes, to be sure. Joseph's brethren removed him from the family circle and put him into the pit all right enough, but that does not necessarily mean that they had theatres in Pharaoh's time.

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